

WEIRD! FANTASTIC! ASTOUNDING!

BAFFLING

10¢

MYSTERIES

JAN. 1955



IT CAN'T BE / THIS WARRIOR
LOOKS ALIVE THOUGH HE'S
BEEN TRAPPED AT LEAST A
THOUSAND YEARS IN THIS
GLACIER/

CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA

CHEWING GUM! REDUCE

Up to **5 lbs.** a Week With Dr. Phillips Plan

Reduce to a slimmer more graceful figure the way Dr. Phillips recommends — without starving — without missing a single meal! Here for you NOW — a scientific way which guarantees you can lose as much weight as you wish — or YOU PAY NOTHING! No Drugs, No Starvation, No Exercises or Laxatives. The amazing thing is that it is so easy to follow — simple and safe to lose those ugly, fatty bulges. Each and every week you lose pounds safely until you reach the weight that most becomes you. Now at last you have the doctors' new modern way to reduce — to acquire that dreamed about silhouette, an improved slimmer, exciting, more graceful figure. Simply chew delicious Improved Formula Dr. Phillips Kelpidine Chewing Gum and follow Dr. Phillips Plan. This wholesome, tasty delicious Kelpidine Chewing Gum contains Hexitol, REDUCES appetite and is sugar free. Hexitol is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Enjoy chewing this delicious gum and reduce with Dr. Phillips Plan. Try it for 12 days, then step on the scale. You'll hardly believe your eyes. Good for men too.

\$1
12 DAY SUPPLY
12 DAY SUPPLY



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! 10 DAY FREE TRIAL!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing Dr. Phillips IMPROVED CHEWING GUM REDUCING PLAN for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your doctor and your wife do not tell you that you have lost weight and look slimmer you pay nothing.

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Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money-order. You will receive a 12 day supply of IMPROVED CHEWING GUM (Improved Formula) and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan postage prepaid.

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CITY _____

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STATE _____

Send me Special 24 day supply and FREE 12 day package for \$2.00. I understand that if I am not delighted with IMPROVED CHEWING GUM and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, I can return it 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL — MAIL COUPON NOW!

The SACRED FINGERS of Princess Thais

BEFORE HIS FULL-CHARGED LIFE WAS
INTERFERED, HORTON CROSS PRIDED HIMSELF
ON HIS PUNCTUALITY. ONE DAY, IN THAT
QUIET PERIOD HE WAS JUST CLOSING HIS
SHOP WHEN

SEE HERE, I'M
CLOSING SHOP
NOW. I CAN'T
DO ANYMORE BUSINESS
TOMORROW,
PERHAPS, YOU'LL—

IT CAN'T WAIT,
MR. CROSS. I'M
BURNING WITH
CURIOSITY. I
MUST FIND OUT
HOW VALUABLE
THAT'S DIRECTLY

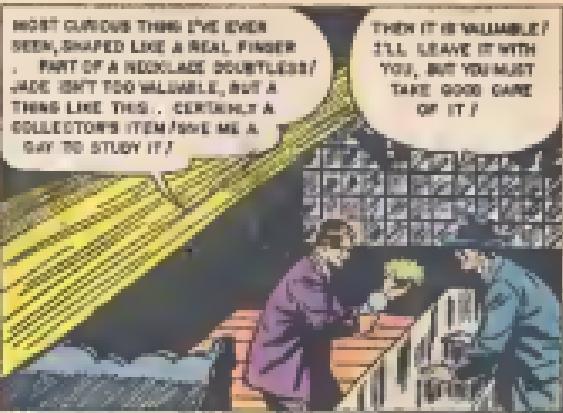


HORTON CROSS WAS A BOND-STREET JEWELER WHO DEALT IN PRECIOUS STONES AND PRICELESS
GEMS. HE WAS WEALTHY, RESPECTABLE AND STILL, SOON, HIS HUMDRUM LIFE EXPLODED; WHEN
A PIECE OF JADE FELL INTO HIS HANDS. IT MARKED THE BEGINNING OF A FANTASTIC JOURNEY, A
BAD GUEST FOR A VISION OF EROTIC BEAUTY, WHICH WOULD TAKE HIM HALFWAY AROUND THE
GLOBE, TO FIND THE SACRED FINGERS OF PRINCESS THAIS.

BENEATH THE POWERFUL LENS OF HIS
MAGNIFYING GLASS

MOST CURIOUS THING I'VE EVER
SEEN, SHAPED LIKE A REAL FINGER
— PART OF A RODDLAGE SOUTHERN
FADE ISN'T TOO VALUABLE, BUT A
THING LIKE THIS . . . CERTAINLY A
COLLECTOR'S ITEM! GIVE ME A
DAY TO STUDY IT!

THEN IT IS VALUABLE?
I'LL LEAVE IT WITH
YOU, BUT YOU MUST
TAKE GOOD CARE
OF IT!



AS IF NORTON HADN'T HAD ENOUGH MYSTERY FOR ONE EVENING, AT HE RE-ENTERED HIS SHOP TO CALL THE POLICE.

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT OF THE SHOP MORE THAN TWO MINUTES!

I MUST HAVE COME IN A MOMENT AFTER YOU LEFT! BUT NO MATTER, MR. CROSS! I WONDER IF YOU CAN HELP ME? I'M INTERESTED IN ANY JADE PRICES YOU MAY HAVE?

HEY BEAUTY WAS SO INTERESTED IN THAT NORTON TEMPORARILY FORGOT THE BODY OUTSIDE...

JADE: HMM! THAT'S GOOD THE STRANGER JUST LEFT ME A PIECE OF JADE! HE'S DEAD NOW AND ROBSON KNOWS I HAVE IT!

YES, I THINK I CAN HELP YOU! ONE WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR A WOMAN OF SUCH GREAT BEAUTY!

EXHIBITE! IT'S JUST WHAT I WANTED! I HAVE NO MONEY TO PAY FOR IT, BUT HERE IN THIS BOX IS SOMETHING I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND EVEN MORE VALUABLE IN EXCHANGE!



LET ME SEE!

FOR A WOMAN OF SUCH BEAUTY SHE HAD NO HANDS WITH APPARENT CLUTTERED AND...

HOW STUPID OF ME! I DROPPED THEM! CATCH THEM, MR. CROSS!

PEARLS! AND I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY THIS SIZE AND LUSTER! THEY'RE WORTH A HUNDRED TIMES THE VALUE OF THE JADE! IT'S NOT A FAIR EXCHANGE!

YOU KNOW THE MANNER OF A COLLECTOR... BEIDES, I AM VERY WEALTHY! THERE ARE MORE WHERE THESE COME FROM IF YOU WOULD CARE TO SERVE ME, MR. CROSS!

CALL ME NORTON... I—I WOULD BE MOST HAPPY TO SERVE YOU IN ANYTHING YOU DESIRE! YOU'RE THE MOST IN-TOXICATING WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN! WHO ARE YOU?

I AM KNOWN AS THE PRINCESS THALISY. YOU MUST VISIT ME SOON, NORTON, IN THE ANCIENT CITY OF BALIENNA ON THE ISLAND OF JADE.

JADE: WHY, THAT'S FOUR-THOUSAND MILES FROM LONDON! WAIT A MOMENT, PRINCESS, LET ME SPEAK TO YOU!

NORTON FOLLOWED HER, BUT AS HE CROSSED THE THRESHOLD OF HIS SHOP...

SHE—SHE'S GONE! DISAPPEARED LIKE THAT! AND ONLY THIS MYSTERIOUS GREEN CLOUD IS LEFT! THEN I DON'T FORGET IT BEFORE IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED! YET IT'S TOO INCREDIBLE!



THERE WAS STILL THE MAN'S BODY TO BE ACCOUNTED FOR AND WHEN THE POLICE CAME

YOU NEVER SAW THIS MAN BEFORE AND YOU HEARD NO GUITAR OR ROSE, YOU SAY?

FOR THE THIRD TIME, NO, NO, NO! HOW MAY I DO? I MUST PACK! I AM GOING ON A TRIP, A LONG TRIP TO JAVA!

Days later, as his plane headed down toward the capital city of Jakarta

WE ARE ARRIVING IN JAVA. WILL YOU PLEASE ADJUST YOUR SAFETY BELTS?

SOON I SHALL BE WITH PRINCESS THAIS! HER BEAUTY IS LIKE A DRAWING I COULDN'T FORGET HER IF I TRIED!



But finding the ancient city of Bajewa was another problem. He questioned countless natives, but always received the same answer:

BAJEWAA? IT IS SOMEWHERE IN THE INTERIOR, BUT NO ONE GOES THERE! IT IS CERTAIN DEATH, I HAVE HEARD! NO ONE WOULD CARE TAKE YOU THERE!

BUT I WILL PAY ANYTHING YOU ASK! I AM HORRIDLY FOOLISH, I SEE IT'S USELESS WITH SUPERSTITIOUS IDIOTS!



SO YOU HAVE COME AT LAST, MORTON? I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! I ALMOST GAVE UP LOOKING FOR YOU, PRINCESS! BUT IT WAS WORTH COMING! YOU ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER! BUT HOW SHALL WE GET TO BAJEWAA?

WE SHALL GO AT ONCE! DISTANCE IS NO TROUBLE FOR A PRINCESS OF THE SACRED CITY!

THE GREEN CLOUD! THEM IT WAS YOU ALL THE TIME!



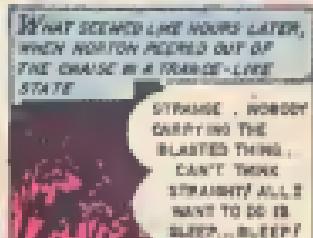
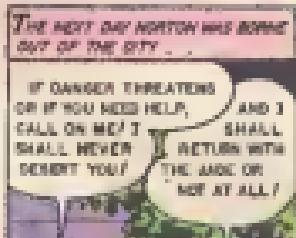
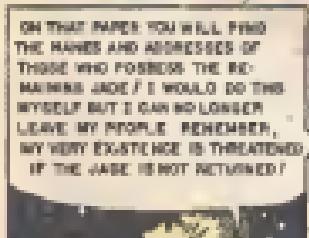
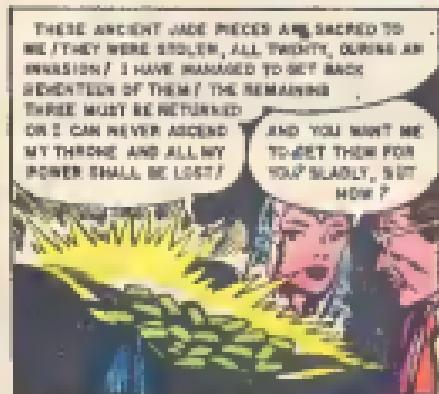
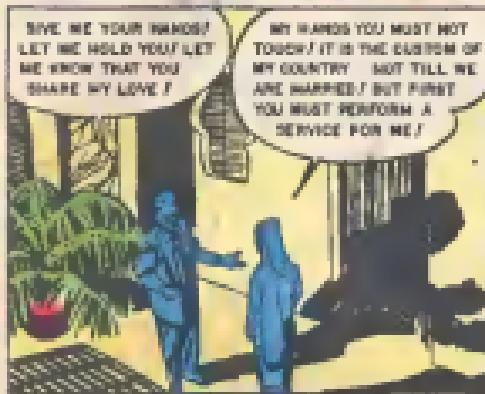
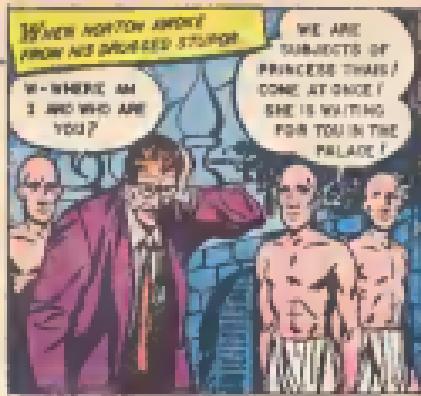
SEVERAL DAYS LATER HE WAS ALMOST READY TO RETURN TO LONDON, BUT AT A PORT WHERE HE WAS ABOUT TO PROCURE PASSAGE



I — I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! IT CAN'T BE ANYONE ELSE! I KNOW HER WALK! IT IS THE PRINCESS THAIS!

THE ONGOING ENVELOPING MIST POLLUTED HIS SENSES AND HE SEEMED TO BE FLOATING . . . FLYING . . .





WHEN MORTON THREW OFF HIS
STOPPERS HE ARRIVED TO FIND
HIMSELF IN PARIS.

IT'S UTERLY FANTASTIC! IT
SEEMED LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY I
WAS IN JADE. NOW I'M IN PARIS!
THAT'S DID THIS WITH HER MAGE?
IT MUST BE BECAUSE THE OWNER
OF THE FIRST PIECE OF
JADE LIVES HERE!



WITHOUT DELAY MORTON MADE
HIS FIRST CONTACT, BUT WAS
MET WITH OUTRIGHT REJECTION.

YOU WILL LEAVE
THIS HOUSE AT
ONCE. MONSEUR
I WILL NEVER
PART WITH THE
JADE FOR ANY
PRICE!

BUT I MUST
HAVE IT! I
CAN'T LEAVE
WITHOUT IT,
MADAME!

WHAT WILL
THAT SAY? I
CAN'T RETURN
EMPTY-HANDED!



GOADED TO FURY BY THE WOMAN'S
REJECTION, MORTON REFUSED ONLY
ONE INSURANCE.

MORTON, HEAR ME! IF
YOU LOVE ME, YOU
MUST DESTROY HER! YOU'RE GOING
TO DO WITH
THAT
JADE
WHAT?
LEAVE ME
NO CHOICE,
MADAME! YOUR
LIFE
IS FOREVER!



HER SCREAMS WILL WAKEN THE WHOLE
NEIGHBORHOOD! I MUST TAKE THE
JADE AND RUN!



...BUT AS HE ENDED UP FROM THAT JEALOUS WOMAN'S HOME...

TRAPPED! THE STREET IS
SWARMING WITH GUARDIANS!
THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! HELP ME!

STOP HOW HE IS
RUNNING FROM MADAME
TRABERT'S HOUSE WHERE
ALL THAT SCREAMING
CAME FROM!

...FROM THE TOP ABOVE, A BLINDING ANGEL CAME...

SACRE! I AM BLINDED!
WHERE DID THAT BOLT OF
LIGHTNING COME FROM?



HOW WONDERFUL,
MERA MAGIC IS!
THAT'S HOW IT...
FOR ME IF HOW
I CAN ESCAPE
THE POLICE!

HABLAIS! THE
MAN'S A WIZARD
OR DEVIL! THERE
ARE FIVE OF
THEM NOW!



THE FOOLS ARE CHASING
SHADOWS! HAHAAA! THE POWER
OF THAIS IS MAGNIFICENT!

PERIL DOGGED MORTON'S FOOTSTEPS AT EACH EFFORT TO UNREST THE REMAINING JADE PIECES FROM THEIR PROTECTED OWNERS, BUT EACH TIME THOSE OWNERS HAD REPLIED FOR HELP.

THE FLAME
CANNOT HARM ME
BUT IT WILL BURN
THEM! THE JADE
IS MINE!

WE CAN'T SET
FIRE TO THE BLASTED
MURDERER, SINGULAR!
THOSE FLAMES ARE
REAL/STAND BACK!

THE CROWN BACK
TO ME, PRINCESS THAI,
AND I'VE COMPLETED THE
SACRED NECKLACE OF
JADE! COME, BEAUTIFUL
ONE, TAKE ME TO
BA-JEEMA!

MISTERIOUSLY AS BEFORE, MORTON
WAS TRANSPORTED TO THE ANCIENT
CITY...

THAI, I'VE
RETURNED WITH
THE TREASURE!
NOW YOU SHALL
BE MINE!

I KNEW YOU
WOULD NOT FAIL!
YOU MUST BRING
IT TO THE PALACE
IN AN HOUR! I
MUST DRESS FOR
THE CEREMONY!



YOU — YOU'RE TURNING
GREEN! LIKE SOME
LOATHSOME, DEMONIC
STATUE! WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO DO
WITH ME, THAUS?



THAI HAD MOUNTED THE THRONE
AND THE JADE PIECES LAY AT HER
FEET...

ONLY THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE
WORLD CAN WEAR JADE LIKE THIS,
PRINCESS! THEY WILL MAKE A
NECKLACE OF GREEN
FLAME AROUND
YOUR THROAT...

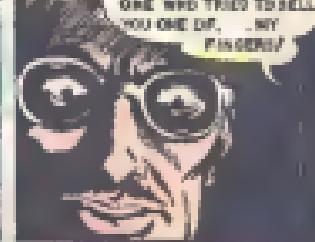
NECKLACE?
NO, MORTON, THE
JADE IS NOT MEANT
FOR A NECKLACE!
LICK!



MORTON STARED AND TREMBLED TO
THE VERY CORE AS TERROR BEGAN
TO KNOCK AT A CRACKING DOOR...

YOUR HANDS
— THEY'RE
STUMPFED!
THEY HAVE
NO FINGERS!

BUT YOU SEE WHY
I COULD NOT GO MY-
SELF TO KILL THE
JADE... WHY I NEEDED
A SLAVE TO DO MY
BIDDING! A SLAVE —
WHO WOULD NOT
TRICK ME, LIKE THE
ONE WHO TRIED TO SELL
YOU ONE DAY... MY
FINGERS!



IN BA-JEEMA, THE ANCIENT RITUAL OF SACRIFICE
IN THE SACRED FOREST WAS DUE SOON
CARRIED OUT...

HAIL, PRINCESS THAI!
SHE HAS TAKEN ANOTHER
MATE!



OUR JADE DODGER
HAS BEEN RETRODUCED!

THE END

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

20-71

ROBERT FIELDING, A YOUNG AMERICAN ART STUDENT, SPENT A SUMMER'S VACATION IN ENGLAND PAINTING AND EXPLORING MEDIEVAL CASTLES SCATTERED OVER THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE. HIS RECENTLY DISCOVERED TOUR WAS TURNED INTO A STRANGE MYSTERIOUS INCIDENT WHICH HE STUMBLLED UPON A WELL NEARBY A RUINED CASTLE. HE PUSHED ASIDE THE HEAVY BRANCHES THAT CONCEALED IT AND REVEALED A WONDROUS SIGHT.

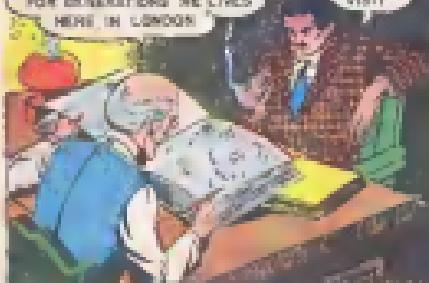
WHAT'S THE FACE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL? BUT HOW COULD IT BE REFLECTED IN THE WATER?



He sped to London and began tracing the history of the castle and well.

MMHMM... YES. THE LABADAY CASTLE. SIN EMERY LABADAY NOW OWNS THE CASTLE. IT'S BEEN IN HIS FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS. HE LIVES HERE IN LONDON.

I BELIEVE I'LL PAY HIM A VISIT.



Fielding then showed the paintings he had made near the well.

GOOD HEAVENS! IT CAN'T BE! MR. FIELDING, I WANT YOU TO MEET



FIELDING SET UP EASEL AND CARRIED AND PAINTED THE BEAUTIFUL IMAGE WHICH HE FINISHED.

THE FACE IT'S DISAPPEARING! I MUST LOOK INTO THIS MORE FULLY!



FIELDING WAS RECEIVED BY SIR LABADAY AND SOON THE CASTLE WAS UNDER DISCUSSION.



MY DAUGHTER!

THE END

SCOURGE of the SCORPION CULT

It was a bizarre quest that brought Dr Philip Marston and his lovely daughter, Celia, to the native village on the steaming Congo River, a quest that now apparently would end either in banishing insanity or death by the scorpion and determined Doctor. For the dangers were incalculable.

DO YOU THINK
WE WILL FIND THE
GIRL HAPPY
HERE, DAD?

I CERTAINLY HOPE SO! OUR
AMERICAN IS MUCH TOO DANGEROUS
TO UNDERTAKE WITHOUT
HIM! HE KNOWS THE JUNGLE
BETTER THAN MOST OF
THE NATIVES!



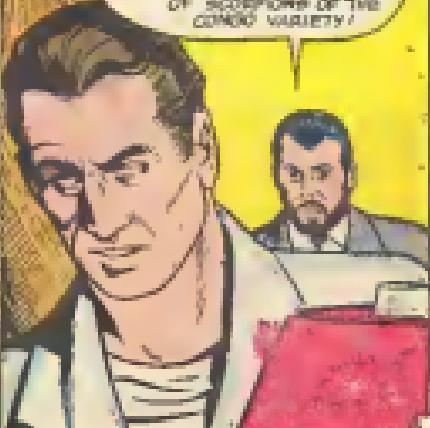
AFTER MUCH SEARCHING, MARSTON FINALLY
FOUND HIS MAN.

NO, I'M NOT
ENGAGED AT
PRESENT, DR.
MARSTON, BUT
IF YOU'RE NOT
A HUNTER,
JUST WHAT
IS YOUR
MISSION?

I'M DOING SOME RE-
SEARCH, MR. MARSTON!
I'M TRYING TO FIND A
SCORPION WHICH WILL
GUARANTEE A
SPECIAL VENOM!



WHAT'S THAT? A
SCORPION? WELL, MY PRE-
RESEARCH HAS REVEALED ANY
BREED ON THE EARTH TODAY?
BUT TO MAKE A FINAL TEST
WILL REQUIRE THE VENOM
OF SCORPION OF THE
CONGO VALLEY!



I BELIEVE THAT THIS JEWEL CAN BE MADE BY ACTUALLY HAVING THE VERY POISON IT IS SUPPOSED TO COUNTERACT AS ONE OF THE INGREDIENTS! THE SCORPION OF THIS CLIMATE, AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, IS THE DEADLIEST KNOWN TO MANBON!

CONSIDERING THAT DR. MARSTON WOULDN'T YOU BE IMPERILING THE LIFE OF YOUR DAUGHTER BY TAKING HER ALONE?

OH, NO! SHE'S BEEN ABSENTING ME FOR SOME TIME. I'LL EVEN HANDLE THE CATERERS BETTER THAN I DO!

I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT SQUEAMISH, MR. HAZEL!



WELL, YOUR OFFER OF SHELTER, DOCTOR, BUT YOUR PERSONAL DANGER...

THEN IT'S SETTLED! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT US. WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES! WE'LL START IN TWO MORNING!

STRANGE IT SEEMS HELP DESPENSERATOR TRYING TO DISMISSE ME, BUT WHY?



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, FIVE TO THE START OF THE TREK...

TWO BURROS WOULD BE ENOUGH FOR OUR TRIP. WHETHER IN THOSE CABINETS, DOCTOR E

JUST SOME CHEMICAL SUFFUSION. IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO DO SOME FURTHER RESEARCH IN THE JUNGLE!



THE DAY ARRIVED...

BEYOND THAT FORT IS A SWAMP. SCORPIONS ARE QUITE THICK THERE. SOME OF THEM ARE FIVE EPIROS TEH INCHES IN LENGTH. FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, I'D ADVISE CAMPING HERE!

OOPS! I'LL HELP YOU WITH THE TENTS!



WE CAN SET OUR TRAPS IN THE FOREST, DOCTOR. THE MOUNTAIN ISN'T IN CARE OF ME... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ANOTHER SCORPION!

IT'S A COCONUT-HEATED FORCH!

THEY CAN'T COME NEAR US WHILE WE'RE SLEEPING!



AN HOUR LATER, MARSTON SPONTANEOUSLY AWAKENED...

FURRY... I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE! FROM ANY ONE OF THE BURROS, BUT I'LL TAKE A LOOK ANYWAY! I DON'T WANT THEM WANDERING OFF INTO THE SWAMP!



WHAT THE ? THAT SHADOW IT LOOKED LIKE A MAN! RUMBLE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT NATIVE BEING IN THE VICINITY, SO BETTER TELL HIM ABOUT IT!

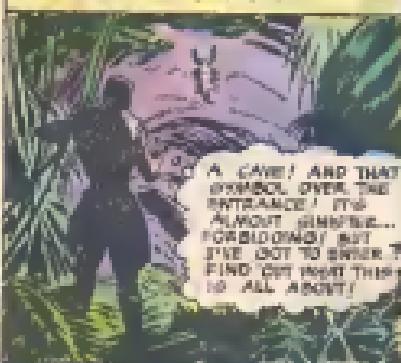
HARPER! WHY HE'S GONE! THEN IT HAD TO BE A NATIVE IT WASN'T BUT WHERE WOULD HE BE GOING? ESPECIALLY UNARMED! THE FOOL! DID BETTER FOLLOW HIM! MIGHT BE WILD ANIMALS AROUND HERE!

HE EVIDENTLY KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE HE'S GOING! LOOKIN' THE GROUND IS SOFT - I CAN FOLLOW HIS FOOTSTEPS! AND JUDGING FROM THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM, HE WAS RUNNING!



FOR GENERAL JAHSTON, HARPER RAN THROUGH THE HEAVY FOREST. FINALLY, THE PATH ENDED AT THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVE...

STRUCTURE, THE DOOR OPENED THROUGH THE MISTERIOUS CAVE! UNTIL WE CAME UPON AN UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT...



AS YOUR LEADER, I HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE A QUEEN... A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO WILL BECOME ONE OF US! EVER NOW SHE IS CLOSE BY!

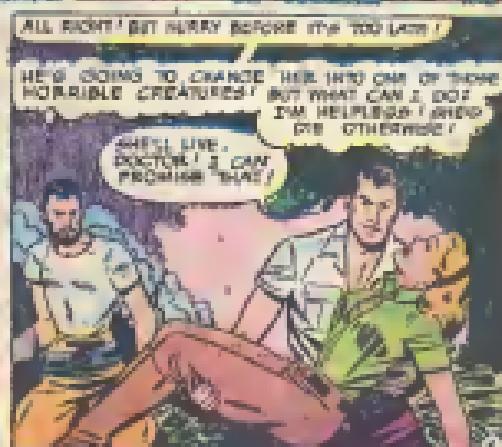
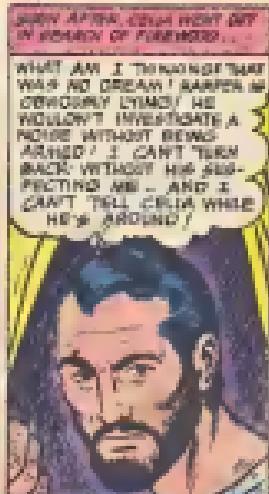
HEY, HE MEANS CELIA! I MUST HAVE! I COME UP AGAINST IT! I MUST GET BACK TO THE CAMP!



IN WOLVENT FRENZY, HARPER RAN FROM THE CAMP, ALMOST DISBELIEVING HIS EYES, BUT AS HE RACED BACK TOWARD CAMP, HE SUDDENLY TRIPPED...



WHEN MARDEN REACHED COMICBOOK-
ERS, IT WAS MORNING AND CLEM
WAS PUSHING HIS HEAD AND
MARTIN LOOKED ON...



WELL THERE MAY STILL BE A CHANCE! THIS SCORPION! IF I CAN REMOVE SOME OF THE VENOM I MAY STILL BE ABLE TO CONDUCT SOME OF MY SERUM IN TIME!



HYDRAVILLE, IN THE DESERT CLOUDS TO MARVEL BRING FORTH SOMETHING OF HIS OWN STRANGE CREATURE...

I FEEL SO STRANGE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



DEAR THING! IT'S YOUR LIFE... BUT THE RESULTS WILL BE STRANGE THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER SEEN OR!

WHAT AN ODD FEELING! BUT I FEEL STRONGER ALREADY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THE RESULTS BEING STRANGE?

YOU'LL FEEL SOON ENOUGH! BUT NOW YOU NEED REST! COME! I'LL HELP YOU BACK TO CAMP!



I DON'T THINK I'VE MADE ANY MISTAKES, BUT THE OTO TO GIVE THE MIXTURE MORE THAN TWELVE HOURS TO SETTLE BEFORE IT CAN BE ADMINISTERED! OH... HERE THEY COME! AND CELIA APPEARS TO BE ALL RIGHT!



THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE ALRIGHT, CELIA! SHE WILL BE ALL RIGHT, WON'T SHE, HARPO?

SHUT UP! IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN, DOCTOR! BUT I SEE YOU'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING! HOW IS IT COMING?

IF I TELL HIM OF MY SUCCESS, HE MAY ATTEMPT TO DESTROY MY WORK!



I'M AFRAID I'M ON THE MECHO TRACK! I'LL HAVE TO TRY AGAIN! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR CURE, HARPO?

IT'S NOT A CURE, DOCTOR! I'M SORRY, BUT IT MUST REMAIN A SECRET!



NOT A CURE, HE SAID! OF COURSE NOT... NOT WITH THOSE MONSTERUM BEASTS! BUT WHAT WEIRD TREATMENT COULD POSSIBLY TURN A HUMAN BEING INTO PART MECHON? WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE PRESENT... AND HOPE MY SERUM WILL PROVE TO BE AN ANTIDOTE! OTHERWISE, FAREWELL, CELIA!



LUCKILY, FEAR KEPT MARSTON FROM SLEEPING THAT NIGHT...

FOLLOW ME, CELIA! SHOW HODD WITH ALL I WHATEVER YOU'VE DONE MUST HAVE PRODUCED SOME HYPOCITIC TRANCE!



AGAIN FOLLOWING THE STEAMER JEHOSA (SOON, MARSTON DISCOVERED THE FRIGHTENED CREW UNCONSCIOUS...

I PROMISED YOU A CURE! HERE SHE IS! BUT THERE IS ANOTHER MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE! WE ARE THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION! A WESTERN WHICH DOCTOR IS PREPARING A POTION WHICH MAY DEFECT US!



CHEM! SHE'S BECOME ONE OF THEM! AND MARSTON IS TELLING THEM ABOUT ME! THEY'RE UNARMED! I MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE A STAND AGAINST THEM & BACK AT THE CAMP!

WE MUST KILL HER BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



THEY'RE NOT FAR BEHIND ME! I'LL BE LUCKY IF I HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO PREPARE A HYPOCITIC SERUM OF MY OWN FOR CELIA! IF IT DOESN'T WORK, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR LEAVING HER ALONE!



FINALLY REACHING THE CAMP, MARSTON MARSHALL PREPARED A HYPOCITIC SERUM. AT THE SOUND OF THE DRUMMING HORSES CHEM DODGED...

IT MIGHT BE NECESSARY TO KILL A FEW IN ORDER TO DISPOSE THE REST! I HEAR THEM COMING NOW!



THREE OF 'EM! HOW I HATE THEM!

THEY'RE CROWDED TOO CLOSE TOGETHER! IF I SHOOT, I MIGHT HIT CELIA! IT'S BETTER WAIT TILL THEY GET CLOSER! MARSHALL'S GUN FLEW!



AS THE MARAUDING CREATURES APPROACHED, MARSTON SPREAD HIS ARMS, SEEING THEM LEAPING DOWN, THE DEMOCRATIC FORCE TOOK MERCY TO THOSE ABLE...



DETROIT AIRPORT OVER THE RIVER
DETROITERS CALLED THEM.
DETROIT PLUNGED THE AIRPORT
INTO RIVER AFEAR...

AT LEAST SHE'S NOT CAPABLE OF DOING ANY HARM IN HER CONDITION! HOW FOOLISH SHE IS!



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, THE
SCHOOL PARTIES WITHDREW
FROM CHA.

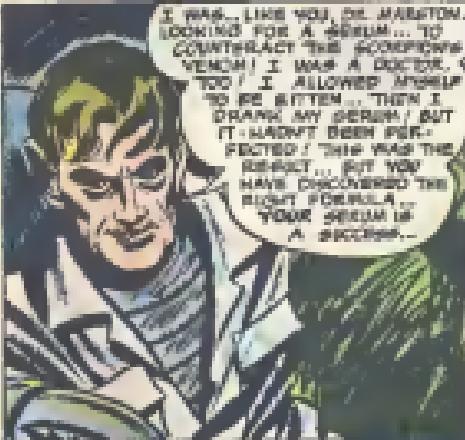
OH, IT WASN'T
BUT IT'S ALL
ACTUALLY
TURNED
INTO A
SUCCESS!



卷之二



I WAS... LIKE YOU, DR. MARSHALL,
LOOKING FOR A... SERUM... TO
COUNTERACT THE POISONOUS
VENOM! I WAS A DOCTOR,
TOO! I ALLOWED ANSEL
TO BE BITTEN... THEN I
DRAINED MY SERUM... BUT
IT HADN'T BEEN FRESH.
FECTED! THIS WAS THE
RESULT... BUT YOU
HAVE DISCOVERED THE
RIGHT FORMULA...
YOUR SERUM IS
A SERUM.



ONCE UNDER THE SPELL, I DRAFT
THINK LIKE A MAN... MY MIND WAS
CONTROLLED BY SCORPION BLOOD IN
ME... MY FOLLOWERS WERE MARTIENS
WHO ALSO BEEN BITTEN... WHEN I
DRAINED THEM FROM CLOTHES, THEY
MADE ME THEIR TOOL! /
I - SCORPION!



HE'S READY BUT AT LEAST HE'S SAVING HIS STORY! IF HE HADN'T LIED HIS DREAM OF YOU, SUELLA...YOU WOULD'VE DIED!

2-2. **DEATH** I DO
ONE MY LIFE TO
HIM / BUT IT'S ALL
O' STRANGE / SO
DON'T YOU EVER
BELIEVE THIS
STORY!



I'M AFRAID THEY WOULDN'T.. AND THAT'S WHY YOU
MUST NEVER MENTION A WORD TO ANYONE ABOUT
THIS! THERE IS NO LIMIT TO THE AMOUNT OF
A POWER-HUNGRY INDIVIDUAL MIGHT BE CAPABLE
OF. IF HE EVER DISCOVERED THE FORMULA
FOR HARPER'S VILE Serum!



I UNDERSTAND
IT WILL BE ONE
STATION.

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

CONT.

HALLE HAD CLIMBED THE MATTERHORN, BUT ON HIS DESCENT, A STORM RIPPED THE MOUNTAIN.

MY EQUIPMENT... GONE! HOW I CANNOT GET OFF THE CURSED MOUNTAIN AND I'LL DIE IF I STAY HERE! I WAS A FOOL TO HAVE TRIED THIS ALONE!



Suddenly from out of the mist looked the figure of an alpines.

HOW— WHERE DID YOU... ?

TAKE THIS ROPE AND KNEEPACK! I WILL LEAD YOU DOWN!



THE MAN SUDDENLY HUNG UP AS HE APPEARED INTO VIEW AND THE ASTONISHED HALLE JUMPED INTO THE CABIN WHERE HE WAS SITTING AT AN OLD WOMAN HE TOLD HER HIS EXPERIENCE OF THAT STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

YOU ARE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE! MY HUSBAND ALSO CLIMBED THE MATTERHORN ALONE, THIRTY YEARS AGO TODAY. HE NEVER RETURNED, NOR WAS HIS BODY EVER FOUND. PERHAPS YOU HAVE HEARD OF MY HUSBAND. HE WAS A FAMOUS MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER, TALL, STRONG AND BLONDEBEARDED. HIS NAME WAS



KURT HALLE WAS A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER WHO DARED THE IMPOSSIBLE. HE CLIMBED THE TREACHEROUS MATTERHORN ALONE! THIS HORROR MOUNTAIN IN THE EUROPEAN ALPS HAD CLAIMED MANY LIVES, BUT KURT HALLE CONQUERED IT BY HIMSELF. OR DID HE? THIS STRANGE QUESTION ARSED FROM A SERIES OF EVENTS HALLE TOLD AFTER HIS CLIMB. IN THE SUMMER OF 1927 HIS ADVENTURE BEGAN...

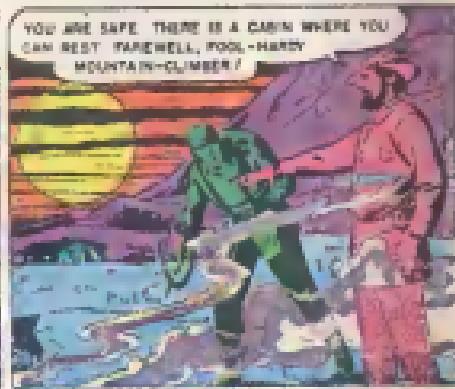
HALLE WEATHERED THE STORM ON A NARROW LEDGE WHEN IT RAGED.

I'M DOOMED WITHOUT A ROPE, KNOTS, AND ICE AXE...



HALLE FOLLOWED THE MAN SAFELY DOWN THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN, WHERE THEY REACHED THE BOTTOM.

YOU ARE SAFE. THERE IS A CABIN WHERE YOU CAN REST. FAREWELL, FOOL-HARDY MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER!



HUGO DONNER!



THE END

The Phantom Snow Queen

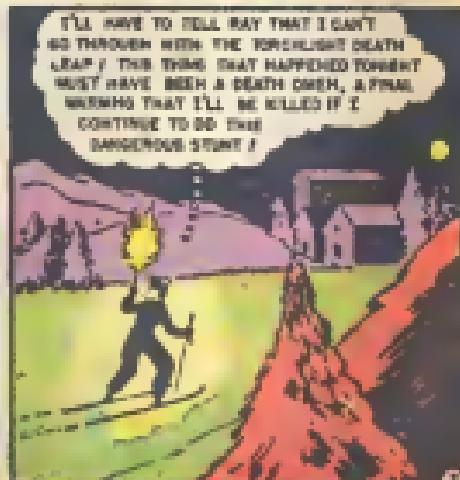
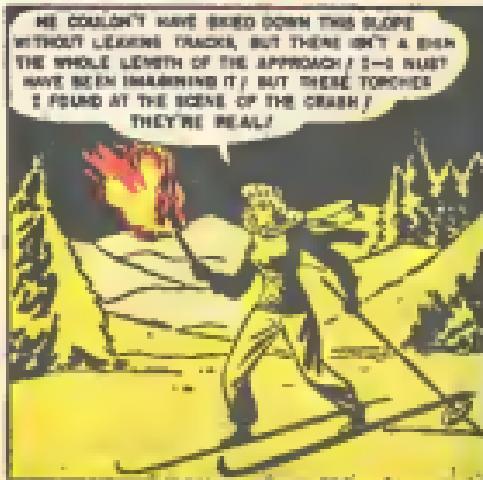
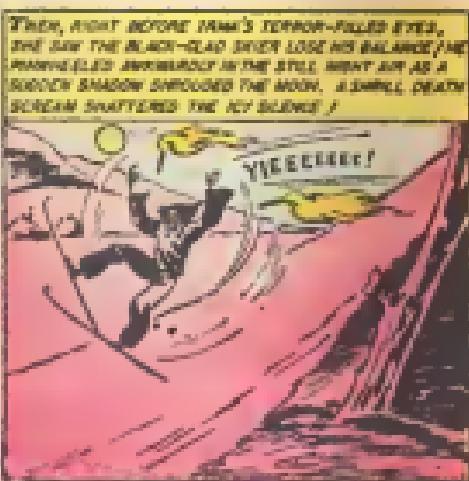


IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE ANNUAL WINTER CARNIVAL AT SNOWTOP LODGE, IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. IT WAS A PRETTY NIGHT, CLEAR AND CUTTING COLD—BUT, AS IRMA MONROE TRAVELED UP THE STEEP APPROACH TO THE TOP OF THE BIG JUMP, SHE WAS FILLED WITH A FEARFUL, FOREBODING AHD TO HER THE NIGHT SEEMED TOO STILL. THE AIR CHARGED WITH SOME MYSTERIOUSLY CHILLING FORCE. THE HIGH FULL MOON SEEMED TO HER TO BE A MENACING THING, SPOTLIGHTING THE UNKNOWN TERROR AND DREAD THAT SEEPED THROUGH HER.



PARALYZED WITH FEAR, IRMA SHRIEKED FOR THE PODCASTER EVER TO TURN OFF THE APPROACH OR FALL, BEFORE SHE REACHED THE JUMP. THEN AS THE PODCASTER'S VOICE FROZE—





BUT WHY DO YOU WANT
TO CANCEL THE JUMP, ERMA?
WHAT HAPPENED OUT
THERE TONIGHT?

I CAN'T GIVE YOU
ANY REASONABLE REASON,
BABY. PLEASE DON'T
QUESTION ME ANY
MORE!



LATER THAT
NIGHT

ANOTHER TERRIBLE, SLEEPLESS
NIGHT! I CAN'T STAND IT,
ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT HAPPENED
TONIGHT! MAYBE I AM LOSING
MY MIND!



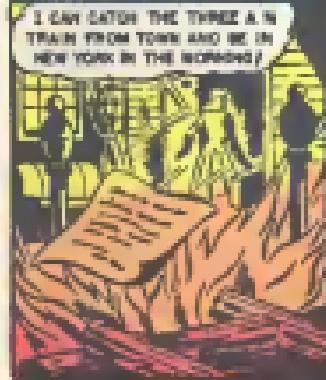
FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THE FEAR-TOR-
TURED ERMA MADE UP HER MIND. SHE
WOULD GO TO NEW YORK, CONSULT HER
UNCLE, A FAMED PSYCHIATRIST. HE
WOULD HELP HER...

I DON'T CARE WHAT RAY AND
TOLL ME! I'LL JUST DO AND
LEAVE HIM A NOTE OF
EXPLANATION!



JUST AS ERMA OPENED THE DOOR
AND STEPPED OUT INTO THE SNOW,
SNOW-DRIFT BREATH DRAFT CAUGHT
UP HER HOOD AND TURNED IT INTO
THE LOG FIRE...

I CAN CATCH THE THREE A.M.
TRAIN FROM TOWN AND BE IN
NEW YORK IN THE MORNING!



THE NEXT MORNING WENDELL RAY
WORRIED FOUND HIS WIFE GONE, HE
SEARCHED FOR HER, FIND-SUCCESS...

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT HER,
RICKIE! SHE'LL PROBABLY BE BACK
TONIGHT FOR THE OPENING OF THE
WINTER CARNIVAL. SHE WOULDN'T
MISS THAT!



ALL DAY, SNOWS Poured into snowtop logan for the
opening of the famous winter carnival, attracted by the
gut publicity given to ERMA TORCHLIGHT DEATH LEAP, A
DARING AND DARING, BUT THAT AGAIN...

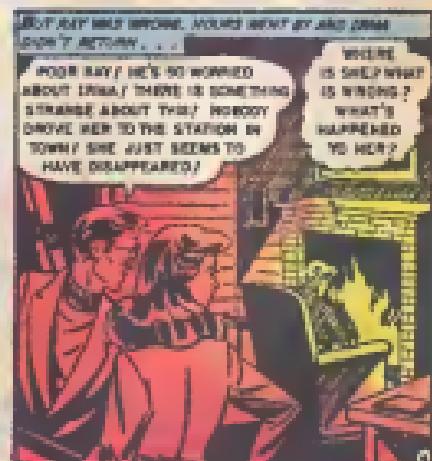
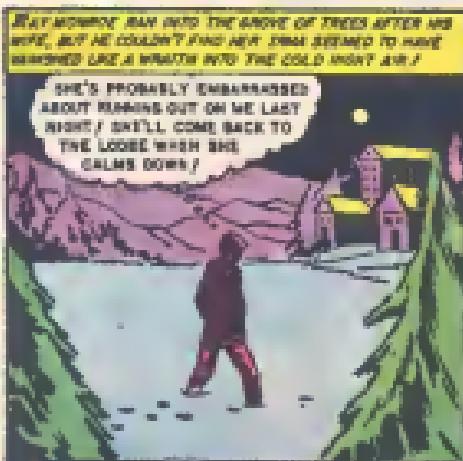
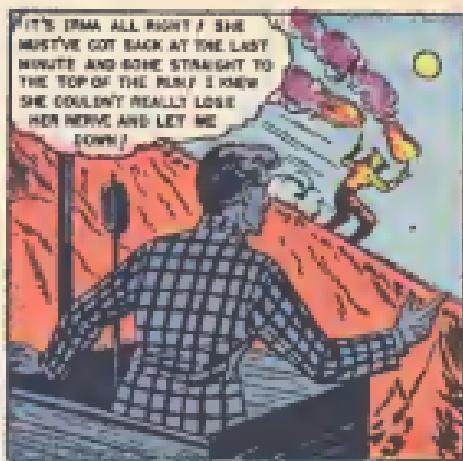
ERMA ISN'T HERE AND
I'LL HAVE TO ANNOUNCE THAT
THE DEATH LEAP'S BEEN
CANCELLED!



SOON BEFORE ANY COULD MAKE THE
ANNOUNCEMENT...

THAT'S ERMA, WORRIED UP
AT THE TOP OF THE ROLLING HILL,
READY TO START HOME!





MR. MONROE F'D-E I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT-Y-E I'VE JUST COME FROM CLEARING OFF THE SN-SHIN AND THEY'RE NOT THERE! THERE ISN'T ANY!

ISN'T ANY WHAT, JOE?



YOU KNOW HOW I ALWAYS SMOOTH OUT THE TRAILS AFTER SOMEONE USES THE BUN? WELL, I-I WENT TO DO THAT AFTER IRMA'S JUMP, BUT-BUT THERE WEREN'T NO SKI-TRAILS! NOT ONE MARK IN THAT SMOOTH SAWDUST, JUST AS THOUGH MONROE HAD COME DOWN THAT SLOPE!



MONROE, JOE! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! EITHER SOMEBODY'S PLAYING A JOKE ON YOU, CLEARING OFF THE SLOPE BEFORE YOU GOT THERE, OR ELSE YOUR EYES ARE GOING BAD!

I TELL YOU, MONROE WAS THERE BEFORE WE AND THERE WEREN'T ANY SKI-TRAILS!



MR. MONROE ANSWERED TO CARRY OFF THE OLD MAN'S SKI-STONES, BUT THAT AIN'T WHAT IRMA MIGHT BE THINKING. HE AIN'T ALMOST A HUNDRED YESTERDAY.

SHE'S STILL NOT BACK! BUT SHE MIGHT SHOW UP AT THE LAST MINUTE AGAIN TONIGHT IN TIME FOR HER JUMP! IF SHE DOES, THIS TIME SHE WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME!



AT NOON THAT NIGHT, JUST AS PAT WAS ABOUT TO ANNOUNCE CANCELLATION OF IRMA'S FORTH-LAUGHT SKI-JUMP,

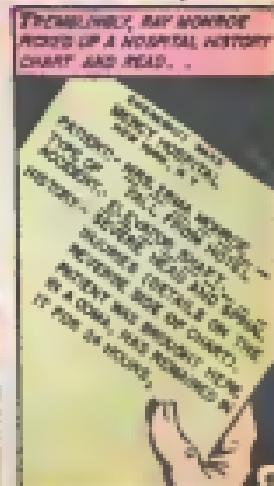
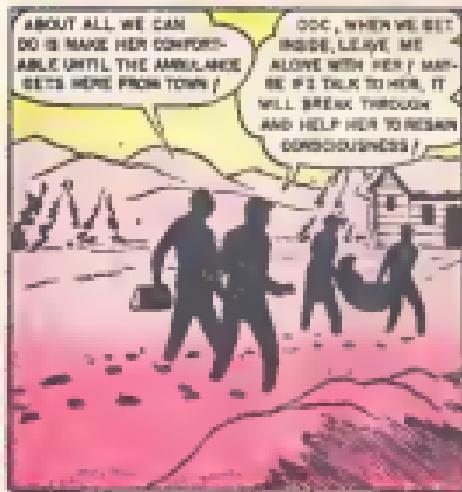
THERE SHE IS AGAIN, AT THE LAST MOMENT!



BOY, MONROE, AS THE WHITE-WOLF SKI JUMP LOOKED JUST NOW, I COULD ALMOST TURNED TOWARD YOU AND REVEALED,

MR.-MR. IRMA! IT-IT'S NOT SIMPLY TRUE! THAT'S A GEECH'S HEAD PRIDE, HER COW! BUT THAT'S FISCHERLUS! I MIGHT BE DOING THINGS!





MONROE, MONROE, MAY MONROE CALLED THE HOSPITAL ANOTHER TIME.

I'M QUITE SURE THERE'S NO MISTAKE, SIR. WE DO HAVE A PATIENT, ANSWERED YOUR DESCRIBER, A MRS. ERMA MONROE, WHO WAS BURNED AS YOU DESCRIBED.

THAT'S BEEN THANK YOU!



BUT IT'S RIDICULOUS, MAY! WE ALL SAW HER TAKE THE JUMP LAST NIGHT AND TONIGHT WE CARRIED HER HERE, JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO, INJURED!

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY OR THINK. I'M GOING TO NEW YORK—TO DRAMA! SHE NEEDS ME!



AS SHE DRAWS SOURED THROAT, THE BLEAT WENT, MAY MONROE PONDERED THE WORD AND SAW THE HAPPINESS THAT HAD COULD NOT GO AND NOT HAVE SUPPORT THE PALE AND SORE. HER FRIENDS WOULD PROFOUNDLY EXPLAIN IT, FOR THEM...

THE NEXT MORNING, SHE DRAWS BLOOD AT THE MEDIC HOSPITAL.

BUT YOUR WIFE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THOSE BIG-JUMPS THE LAST TWO NIGHTS. SHE'S BEEN SIGHT HERE, ALL THAT TIME, UNCONSCIOUS, WITH A NURSE ALWAYS PRESENT! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEBODY ELSE!

BUT IT WAS ERMA! I DON'T EXPECT THEM TO BELIEVE OR UNDERSTAND, BUT I...



SHE SLEPT AT THE DOOR OF MAY'S HOUSE. DRAK STARED. SHE COOKED UP AT HER HUSBAND. SHE SPOKE, AND THERE WAS AN EERIE, SHORT-LIVED SWING TO HER WORD AND AN OTHER-WORLD LOOK TO HER SMILE...

MAY, HONEY! I KNOW YOU'S COME! HOW—HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE JUMPS I MADE, DARLINGS? I DIDN'T DISAPPOINT YOU AFTER ALL, DID I?



WHY—WHY, IT'S ALMOST A MIRACLE! SHE'S RETURNED CONSCIOUSNESS AND REACH ONE HUNDRED PER CENT IMPROVED!

WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT, MAY? WHAT DID I JUST SAY? I—I DON'T REMEMBER, NOW!

IT DOESN'T MATTER! FORGET IT AND GO TO SLEEP, NOW, ERMA—A NICE NORMAL SLEEP THAT WILL REST YOU UP!



HER PULSE AND RESPIRATION ARE NORMAL AGAIN, MR. MONROE! THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT HER RECOVERING, NOW! YOUR FRIENDS CUT ABOUT HER ACCIDENT AND GETTING HER BURNED HER LIFE!



MAY MONROE DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE STRANGE SHAPES OF EVENTS THAT HAD BROUGHT THIS MIRACLE AND DOUBTED THAT HE EVER WOULD. BUT HE WAS GRATEFUL AND ACCEPTED THE CIRCUMSTANCES AT ONE OF THOSE STRANGEST OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD HAPPENINGS BEYOND THE KNOWLEDGE OF SIMPLE MAN!

UNEARTHLY RENDEZVOUS

Flying visibility had been poor that day when Carter Rensen took off from the airport near his home at Sheffield, Alabama. He'd delayed at first, thinking that perhaps weather conditions would get better. But no, they didn't, and finally he made the decision to fly to Chicago with his precious cargo anyway.

"But you're mad, man," Chuck Raleigh protested as he brought Carter's plane out of the hanger. "You're trying to commit suicide."

Carter shook his head stubbornly. "I must get Della's statue to the exhibit in Chicago. I've worked on it all year, and I've lived for this moment. The statue must be exhibited."

Chuck looked at his friend sadly. "Carter, you ought to take a vacation. Della's death has done something to you. You're not the same—"

From the expression on Carter's face, Chuck knew better than to continue. Helplessly he assisted Carter in loading the delicately carved statue of Della, Carter's dead wife, onto the plane. And as he did so, he admired the flawless beauty of the sculpture. Carter Rensen's genius as a sculptor was world-wide, but there was no question that in this work of art, in memory of his wife, he'd executed his greatest masterpiece. Every line of body and face was perfect, and Carter's great devotion to Della showed in his creation; for the likeness to the dead woman was exact to the most minute detail.

"Well, good luck,"—and let's hope you have a fool's luck in getting there."

Three hours out of Sheffield, Carter had occasion to remember Chuck's words. If anything, the weather had gotten worse. He tried climbing, but it didn't seem to do any good. No matter how high he went, he was entangled in gray rain and fog, cottony bits of a swirling around the window of the plane, shredding and fogging, so that it was impossible to see. It became a case of blind flying, flying by instrument, and Carter's small plane was hardly equipped for the task. He held his breath and swore heatedly, fighting to get through the grayness that was bogging him down. And then it happened, the thing he'd feared. The instrument in front of him registered wildly, erratically for a space of a second or so, and then went blank.

"I'm going to need a fool's luck," Carter said grimly to himself. "There's nothing to do but just try to somehow wait it out, or blunder it out." And even while he said that to himself, he knew

the hopelessness of it. He had the certain feeling that he was caught in the trap that spelled death to so many small pilots—the endless, futile, circling in fog that got one nowhere—until the gas ran out.

Carter glanced at the small figurine that was set up near his seat. "Well, Della," he said softly. "This time if it happens, we go together."

He thought back to his wife's death just a year before. It had been shocking, sudden, and he'd watched her waste away from an incurable disease while he stood helpless to stop it. Almost overnight, his young, blonde-haired wife had been taken from him. At first he hadn't thought he could stand it. And that was when, in order to keep his sanity, he first conceived the idea to use his sculptor's skill to keep ever before him her image. That very night he'd started his work, and for one year he'd lived for nothing else. And now, with his ambition complete, he was determined to bring Della safely to the great museum exhibit in Chicago. The whole world awaited his unveiling of this statue, but to Carter it meant more.

As he steered the plane grimly, his glance ranging now and again on Della, he thought of what it means to him. Here, forever, was Della re-created, never to die again. And in a way, he felt he was getting a second chance—a chance to give her. For if the plane crashed and the statue was destroyed, Carter could not get away from the feeling that he'd be responsible for her death, that he'd re-created her only to kill her again.

Perspiration beaded Carter's forehead as he tried to peer through the gloom. And then it happened—the plane rocked suddenly, and as Carter fought the controls, it started a downward descent. From the feel of it, Carter knew he'd hit an air pocket, a pocket so empty of current that there was nothing he could use to suck the plane out of it and forward!

"Good Heavens, no!" The words burst forth from Carter's lips. Something greater than he, something more swearing than man's efforts was putting all he'd done aside. And then as the plane gathered momentum and plummeted downward, Carter felt the hand on his shoulder.

"My darling, don't be afraid," the soft voice said in his ear. "There's nothing to fear, so long as we're together."

Carter Rensen sat rigid, feeling the weight of that hand upon his shoulder, feeling the known presence of someone in the plane with him—and,

even before he looked up, he knew with a sense of spreading peace that Della was back.

She stood behind him, pale in the dim light of the plane, just as she'd always been, her love for him in her eyes.

"Della," he managed. "You're back—"

"We've never been apart," she told him. "I've never left you." She gazed toward where Carter had so carefully placed the statuette when he took off, and his gaze followed her. But he knew even before he saw the empty space that the statuette would not be there.

"Your love has kept me with you, darling," she said. "Your love is making possible this little time we can be together again."

It was then Carter realized that the plane had caused its brutal downward descent. It was gliding now, down through the swirling mists, and distantly below he made out the green fields and the light sun of a hilly valley.

"Land, my darling," Della said softly, "There is just this little space between this world and the next, where we can be together. It is a pocket between time, where there is no material reality, and we will be the same there."

With her soft voice soothing him, Carter Benson completed the descent. He made out a flat area where he could land, and the plane landed gently. As he switched off the motor, he turned fearfully, afraid that Della had once again disappeared, that what had happened had been an illusion. But she was seated on a crate behind him, and now her expression was weary and melanchorous, as he remembered so well when they'd go larking together.

"Carter, let's play house. Just for today," she said pleadingly.

"All right, darling. Anything you say."

He opened the hatchway of the plane and stepped out first, turned and gave her his hand. She came through the door eagerly, and he caught her in his arms and swung her down. Her blond hair smelled faintly of the violet sachet she was so fond of, and he closed his eyes and breathed deeply of it.

There was a small cottage, just a little way from the plane, and Della insisted they go to it. She made lunch which they ate outside, beneath an old tree, the table already set gaily with flowers and a checkered cloth. And afterward, they stretched out upon the grass and talked.

"Where have you been, Della?" Carter demanded. "All this year when we weren't together."

"With you," she told him. "That is my place, and that is where I was. I was with you, while you carved my image. It was your love that made that possible, for you carved my soul into your creation."

Carter thought about that, and then he said

slowly, "Now that I know, I'll never be alone again."

Della looked up at the sky, and then she turned to him. "And now we must go, Carter. The moments of time are rushing together again, and the space that was there for us to use is nearly over."

Despite all Carter's protests, Della had her way, and reluctantly he let her lead the way back to the plane. He started the motor and slowly the plane raised itself into the sky. And then, when he was up a few thousand feet, the sun suddenly disappeared and he was caught once again in the gray, swirling mists.

"Della!" he shouted. "We'll have to go back. We can't get through!" And he was secretly glad of this thought.

He turned, and the shock raced through him as he saw she wasn't there. Instead, there was just the statuette, lying silently against the side of the plane.

"Della!" he shouted again. "Don't leave me!"

And faintly, he heard her voice, "I'll always be here. Don't ever fear . . ."

Her soft voice urged him on, and Carter fought the fog and air pockets, the frail plane almost buckling. When the mists cleared away, his instrument for some strange reason functioning again, below him were the outskirts of Chicago. He'd come through safely.

Later, at the exhibition, he stood on the side, gazing at Della's statuette. It had been placed prominently among the pieces of other renowned sculptors. And each time, after examining it, came over to Carter to voice his praise.

It was toward the end of the day, just before the exhibition closed, that Andrew Carr, the famous critic, appeared. He examined the statuette and then came to Carter with a pained expression. Just a week before, Andrew, passing through Sheffield, had stopped off, and Carter had let him see the statuette in advance of its exhibition.

"Now he approached Carter, and burst out, "Really, it's the most amazing thing. Your statuette of Della when you showed it to me, looked different. I distinctly remember the sad expression on her face — the whole thing was a study in tragedy. But now — the lips are upturned, the eyes twinkling with laughter. I just can't understand it. My eyes must have been playing tricks on me."

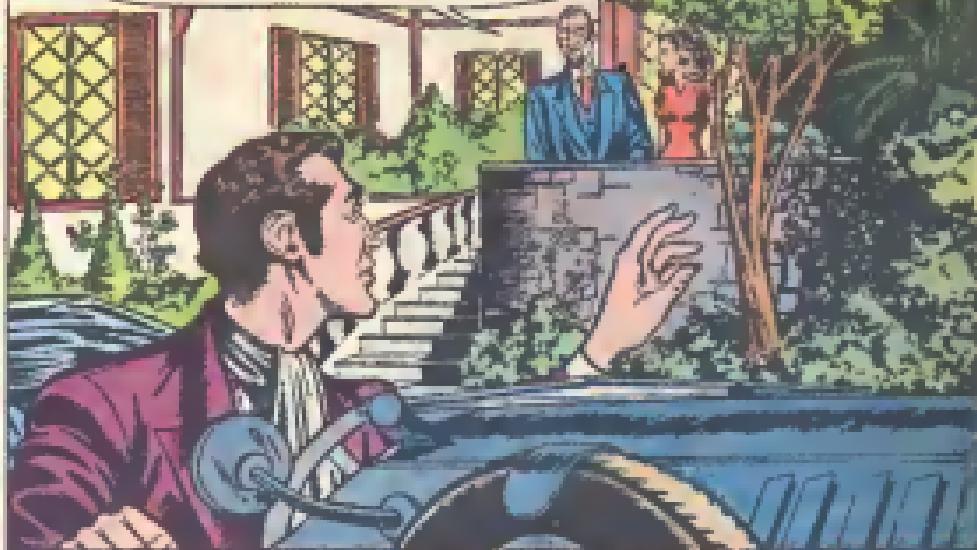
Carter examined the man facing him. Should he tell him? And then the answer came back, no. There were some things that must remain a secret — his and Della's. For the features on the statuette, he knew, had indeed changed in the course of his flight.

So instead he merely said, "Of course, Andrew, your eyes were playing tricks on you." He turned and walked away, hearing beside him a woman's soft, delighted laughter.

The MENACE that stalked Brooding Cunliffe

CAMILLA, HERE'S PIERRE BEAUCHAMP AGAIN! HE'S BEEN WEARING A WELL-BROODED ROBE TO OUR DOOR SINCE HE DISCOVERED I HAVE A FASCINATING DAUGHTER! AND HE'S ONLY BEEN IN THE COUNTRY FOUR WEEKS!

I HOPE YOU DON'T OBJECT, GADGET! I FIND PIERRE VERY CHARMING! HE'S DIFFERENT AND SO CONTINENTAL!



"BROODING CUNLiffe" IT WAS CALLED... FOR ALTHOUGH THOUSANDS OF YEARS HAD PASSED, STILL, ON CERTAIN NIGHTS AN UNQUENCHABLE QUALITY HUNG IN THE AIR, HARKENING BACK TO THE ANCIENT ARABIAN BROOD RITES OF THE DRUIDS. TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE REGION HAD BEEN CLEANSED OF THE BROODING BECCHARS, WHOSE PRACTICE OF PAGAN RITES AND BLACK ARTS AND MULTIPLE MURDER HAD SO OUTRAGED THE LOCAL POPULACE, THAT THEY BURNED THE BECCHAR MANSION AND FORCED THE SOLE SURVIVOR TO FLEET FOR HIS LIFE. THEN PROFESSOR MINTLOCH AND HIS DAUGHTER CAMILLA CAME TO DWELL ON THE ANCIENT SITE WITHOUT HARBOURING A SUSPICION OF THE DIRE EVENTS WHICH WERE TO BEFALL THEM...

BUT WE KNOW SO LITTLE
ABOUT HIS BACKGROUND, AND
HE HAS A SARCASTIC APPEAR-
ANCE! AND DON'T FORGET, WE
REJECT YOUR DAUGHTER DAVID

"THAT'S IT!"

YES, DAVID AND
PIERRE WILL CERTAINLY
ROT EACH OTHER THE
WORLD OVER AND WILL
HAVE VENGEFUL
FIREWORKS!

I GATHERED THEM MYSELF,
CAMILLA, IN THE RUINS OF
THE BECCHAR MANSION! I
LOVE THE BROODING MYSTERY
WHICH HANGS OVER IT!

THANK YOU, PIERRE! I
BUT HOW CAN YOU LIKE
THAT PLACE? IT HAS
SUCH A PERVERSE
REVOLTING HISTORY!



LATER, IN THE HOUSE...

"I HAVE READ THE STRANGE STORY SURROUNDING THE BEECHAMS AND IT IS sheer nonsense! It seems to me that local stupidit and prejudice drove a noble family from the land, just because they were different!"



AN HOUR LATER, DAVID, WHO HAD BEEN ABROAD IN SOUTHEASTERN EUROPE FOR THREE YEARS, ARRIVED...

AH, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK! CARINA DARLING, YOU'VE BECOME EVER MORE BEAUTIFUL!

"I'VE MISSED YOU, DAVID!"



I USED TO LAUGH TOO! BUT I'VE BEEN THESE FABLES COME TO LIFE! TAKE THAT FULL MOON! ITS EFFECT ON CERTAIN PEOPLE WILL PRODUCE PHYSICAL CHANGES, DRIVE OTHERS INSANE, AND CAUSE NIGH TO MURDER!



"NO! NO! WAIT TILL DAVID HEARS THAT! HE'S STUDIED THE WHOLE HISTORY OF THIS REGION, AND HE'S CONVINCED THAT THE BEECHAMS WERE A MURDEROUS GANG LOT!"



LATER, AFTER DAVID, WHO HAD JOURNEED TO THE FOREST...

YES, FOR THREE YEARS I'VE LIVED AMONG THE PEOPLES OF THE FOREST! NONE OF THE THINGS I'VE LEARNED FRIGHTEN ME BECAUSE THEY DON'T REASON! YET, I'M FORCED TO BELIEVE THEM...



THIS IS PIERRE BEAUCHAMP, DAVID, A NEW FRIEND WHO'S SETTLED NEARBY RECENTLY.



"I'M PLEASED TO MEET YOU, PIERRE!"

"CHARGED, I'M SURE!"



"YOU HEAR FOLK TALES, SUPERSTITIONS AND THOSE OLD-WIVES' STORIES TO FRIGHTEN CHILDREN!"

HAN, AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A SCHOLAR? THOSE STUPID PEASANTS FILLED YOUR HEAD WITH Nonsense AND YOU BELIEVED THEM!

I WON'T HAVE YOU SCOFF AT MY LIFE'S WORK! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD THAT WHEN I SAY THESE THINGS, I HEAR THEM WITH MY OWN EYES!

HALLUCINATIONS, VISIONS, SELF-HYPNOTISM! ANYONE OF THESE CAN EXPLAIN THEM!



LATER, WHEN DAD AND MUM HAD LEFT

I MARKED YOU THE FUR
WOULD FLY WHEN THOSE TWO
GOT TOGETHER AND IT'S ALL
BECAUSE OF TOM IF IT'S NOTHING
BUT PLAIN JEALOUSY /

MONSTER, DADDY OH,
MOM'S LEAVIN' / GOOD
NIGHT, TOM /

NIGHT,
MISS MATELOCK
PROFESSOR?



A FEW MINUTES LATER

MONSTER, WEAPONS ?
WHAT WAS THAT ?

A CALL FOR
HELP / I'LL GET
THE HOUNDS AND
A WEAPON /



THREE HORROROUS SNAPS FROM THE MATELOCK GATE, THE
SCREAMS WERE EVEN LOUDER

STILL, MARY DON'T TOUCH
ME / YOU BEAST !

ROOOOOAAA ! MY
CLAWES WILL THROTTLE
YOU AND MY FANGS WILL
BITE DEEP, YOU SCREAMING
FOOL !



THE MOON FILLS ME WITH MADNESS /
NOW THAT I STAND ON THE GROUND OF THE
ANCIENT PAGAN CHURCH, WITH THE SILVER MOON
FLOODING MY BRAIN, THE BLOOD-CURSE COMES
UPON ME / HOW OVERWHELMING MY HATRED
FOR ALL THE RABBLE WHO TREAD OVER
THIS CONSECREDATED LAND !



WHEN CAMERIA AND HER MOTHER ARRIVED ON THE
SCENE

OH, IT'S SHASTLY,
POOR TOM !

SHOCKED ! SICK
POWERFUL BEAST TORE
HIS THROAT ! LOOK HOW
THE HOUSE BRISTLE AND
FULL ON THE LEADS ! THAT
BEAST IS SOMEWHERE IN
THE VICINITY !



BUT NO TRACE COULD BE FOUND OF THE KILLER.

COME, CAMERIA ! YOU
RED SOME AGIT AFTER
THIS TERRIBLE SHOCK !
MUST NOTIFY THE
AUTHORITIES !

WHICH I THINK OF
THAT HORROR STILL
LURKING OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE, IT
CHILLS MY BLOOD !



THE NEXT DAY, DAVID AND PIERRE WENT AGAIN
VISITING THE MATELOWS...

I JUST SAW TOM'S BODY AT THE MORGUE / IT'S A
BEASTLY BUSINESS AND I'M CONVICTED THAT ONLY
ONE THING COULD RIP AND TEAR A MAN'S
THROAT LIKE THAT /
IT WAS A WEREWOLF!

A WEREWOLF? /
HERE IN CURLIFFE... IN
OUR DAY AND AGE? /
YOU MUST BE
JOKING!



A WEREWOLF? THIS IS
ANOTHER OF YOUR BALKAN
IMPORTATIONS? WEREWOLVES
ARE MYTHICAL CREATURES
YOU ARE ONLY TRYING
TO SCARE OUR GOOD
FRIENDS!

THEY WILL TELL YOU
EXACTLY WHAT KIND
OF ANIMAL KILLED
TOM AND SLASHED
HIS THROAT / THE
ONLY WILD ANIMALS
AROUND CURLIFFE ARE
RABBITS AND FOXES WHO
RUN AT THE SHOUT
OF A HORN /



ANY HUNGRY WILD
DOG COULD HAVE
DONE THIS FOOL
PIECE OF WORK /
I DON'T BELIEVE A DOG
DID IT / IT ALL POINTS TO A
WEREWOLF / THE FULL MOON,
UNHALLOWED GROUND IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD, A SITE OF THE
ANCIENT GRAVE AND A CURSED
FAMILY / IT ALL ADDS UP
TO SOME FORM OF
DENDROLOGIST?



PIERRE PRESSED AND BOTH SAWERS PREPARED
CAMERA FOR AN AFFIRMATIVE ANSWER...

CAMILLA, I'VE LOVED YOU FOR YEARS / ALL
THE TIME I HAD YOU, I DREAMED OF COMING
HOME TO MAKE YOU MY WIFE /

WHY DON'T YOU SAY YES? /
NO, DAVID, /
I HOPE IT ISN'T PIERRE / IT ISN'T PIERRE /
I WHO'S MARRYING? /
NO, DAVID, /
HE'S ALREADY MARRIED
ME AND I GAVE HIM
THE SAME ANSWER /
I'M JUST NOT READY, DAVID.



GOOD NIGHT, DAVID /
PLEASE DON'T TAKE IT
SO HARD / I WAS ONLY
BEING HONEST
WITH YOU /



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WELL... IT'S DAVID /
HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND
WHY I'M UNDECIDED /
HE LEFT ANGRY /

OH, DAVID, I DON'T
WANT TO BE
PUSHED INTO
MARRIAGE /

DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
ME, CAMILLA /
HE'S JUST NOT
A GOOD CASE
OF THE "WEEZY-
EYED MONSTER" /
I'LL SEE YOU
LATER, AFTER
MY WALK /



AND THE FRAUDULENT PROFESSOR
BOUNDED THE HOUSE...

I WONDER WHY
SHE DOESN'T CHASE
THIS PIERRE AND
MARRY DAVID? /
I GUESS IT'S
A WOMAN'S PRIDE
TO TAKE HER
TIME /



THE OLD FOOL
SHEDS TEARS
ON THE
TREACHERIES OR
THIS CURSED,
PROPHESIED LAND /
AAAH THIS
WOMAN TEARS
AT MY BRAIN /
I MUST KILL /



Suddenly, dark appeared...

IT WAS LIKE A WOLF, ONLY LARGER AND MORE FEROCIOUS! FATHER DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! I SAW THE WHOLE THING AND COULDN'T EVER HELP!

COME AWAY, CAMPBELL! THE WEREWOLF MAY BE LURKING TO STRIKE AGAIN! LET'S GET AWAY FROM THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT!



IN THE HOUSE, FEAR FLOODED CAMPBELL'S THOUGHTS: HOW COULD SHE BE SANE OF ANYTHING NOW?

HOW DO I KNOW I'M SAFE HERE WITH YOU? MAYBE YOU WERE AFFLICTED WITH SOME CURSED POWER IN THE BALKANS? YOU SEEM TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THE PASAR DRAGS, WEREWOLVES AND OTHER HORRIBLE THINGS!



SEARCH PARTIES SCOURED THE COUNTRYDOWN WITHOUT FINDING A SINGLE HINT OF THE WEREWOLF...

...HOW I KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE A HUNTED BEAST! BUT MY MOMENT WILL COME WHEN I, THE HUNTED, SHALL BE THE HUNTER, AND I WILL ANSWER THE MOON-CALL WITH HOT MERCURY COURSING THROUGH MY BLOOD!



FIVE NIGHTS AGO...

MY HEARTBEAT STYMPATHY, CAMPBELL, THIS IS SO SHOCKING, I HAVE NO WORDS! YOUR FATHER WAS A NOBLE, WONDERFUL PERSON! SUCH A LOSS!





MARY DRAINED BY AND CAMERA WAS A FURTHER PRO-
TCTOR OF HER PROTECTORS. THEY WATCHED HER AND
EACH OTHER IN TENSE LATE MARCH...

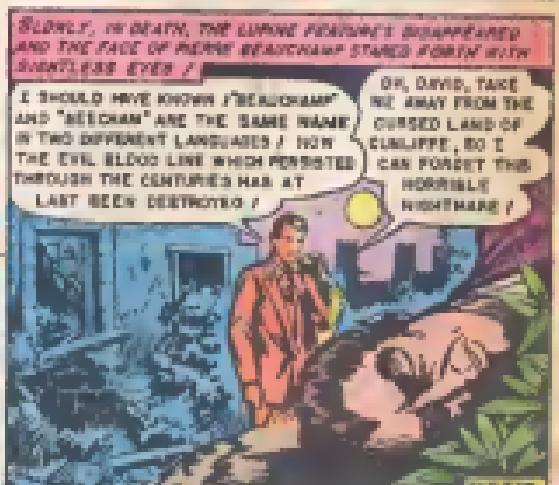


WHEN THE RAIN FINALLY STOPPED, IT WAS QUITE LATE. THE FULL MOON WAS BEGUN TO RISE.

“BOB PERSON, MISS CAMERIA! THE HORSE BOLTED DURING THE STORM! I'LL NEED HELP.” DAVID...

“PIERRE...”

“HIM? ONE OF YOU MUST HELP HENRY FIND THE HORSE!”



Men: this newly developed Anatone Belt gives healthful support while it slims!



If you are more comfortable by talking about mistakes it might be good to just say you made a mistake and then follow-up with it is important to try to move past mistakes and keep looking for ways to improve. If you are more comfortable by talking about mistakes it might be good to just say you made a mistake and then follow-up with it is important to try to move past mistakes and keep looking for ways to improve.

But only then the MAFS&E will help gradually develop people. It requires great strength and other vital aspects like motivation for the team and leader, developed by both the self and the



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THE BOSTON CHURCH

The *assisted self* is specifically designed for maximum support combined with maximum control. It looks very much like the auto-changer-style built-in chairlifts—just the style of personal placement that's most comfortable skipping and hitting your goals. There are six built-in steps to help you get up and get off, plus a padded seat and backrest.

Be bright about data. Beep about your self! By the ANALYST 1917 for just 10 days. If you don't open it -
anything you want, and more - you are guaranteed full payment upon back.
Beep about well! By the ANALYST 1917 - and more.
Read the ANALYST 1917 - and more.
Be beep about a good.

Remarks of the
one who gave the
advice of the
purchase of the
lot in 1868, as
follows: "The
Academy did much
more for him and
his wife and for the
two boys he sent
to the college than
any other institution
in the country."



For a Detailed Case Study:

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Mackie-Meld.

“*What happens to us is up to us. If we keep moving forward, we will make it.*”

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Second Floor [View](#)

REFERENCES AND NOTES

For more information, contact the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency's Office of Solid Waste and Emergency Response, Washington, D.C. 20460, (202) 265-2600.

11. *Leucosia* (Leucosia) *leucostoma* (Fabricius) (Fig. 11)